STILL TENANTED.

Old house, how desolate thy life! Nav. life and death alike have fled; Nor thrift, nor any song within, Nor daily thought for daily bread.

The dew is nightly on thy heart, Yet something sweeter to thee clings. And some who enter think they hear And some who enter think wings.

The murmur of departing wings.

No doubt within the chambers there— Not by the wall nor through the gate. Uncounted tenants come, to whom The house is not so desolate. To them the walls are white and warm,

The chimneys lure the laughing flame, The bride and groom take happy hands The new-born babe awaits a name. Who knows what far off journeyers At night return with winged feet, a cool their fever in the brook, Or haunt the meadow, clover sweet?

And yet the morning mowers find No foot-prints in the grass they mow;
The water's clear, unwritten song
Is not of things that come or go.

That unseen people love to tread, Nor in the moments only when The day's cluded cares are dead.

To every home, or high or low, Some unimagined guests repair, Who come unseen to break and bless The bread and oil they never share.

GREAT COTWYN.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE FIFTY YEARS AGO. And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone or stealing from us."—Wordsworth

And customs of our rursal ancestry
Are gone or stealing from us."—Wordsworth.

In that dubious period, commonly known as
"the good old days," before Reform bills disturbed the convenient and comfortable relations of the rulers and the ruled, there flourished in contented political corruption, though
in social and domestic sweetness, the "rotten
borough" of Great Cotwyn, in the pleasant
agricultural county of Tiltshure. The lord of
the soil was the Marquis of Amesbury, who inherited large estates, and a fair average stock
of bodily and mental endowments from a long
line of fortunate ancestors. No one under his
sway ever dreamed of disputing his authority or
his wishes; and when he recommended to "the
worthy and independent electors" two of his
personal friends to represent his borough in
Parliament, they were elected as a matter of
course. A dinner and a procession were given
in honor of the happy and complacent occasion,
and the "patriotic ceremony" passed off without any broken heads or factious disputes.

As long as the landlord could rely upon the
votes of his tenants he did not trouble himself
much about their doctrines; they enjoyed the
greatest freedom of thought provided they consented to have their suftrages ensiaved.

Although Great Cotwyn was a very primitive
and insignificant place lifty years ago, it possesses a remnant of ancient greatness in one of
the finest old Gothic churches in the county,
and from its weather-beaten tower the curfew
as still rung—not "tolled" as Gray's Elegy misrepresents — every evening at eight o'clock.
The interior of this stately but time-worn building was formerly filled with large tall pews, in
the corners of which the congregation made
themselves somnolently comfortable during
sermon hour. As there was no evening service,
the church was never artificially lighted to any

sermon hour. As there was no evening service, the church was never artificially lighted to any

sermon hour. As there was no evening service, the church was never artificially lighted to any extent.

On dark afternoons in winter, a few candles were dotted about in the pulpit, the reading-desk, and some of the principal pews, giving a feeble glimmer, and casting grim shadows over the scanty and scattered congregation, and about the gloomy recesses of the building. The succtral, artistic, Rembrandt-like effect thus produced can scarcely be imagined or appreciated by the frequenters of our modern, gaudity illuminated churches. After the lapse of half a centary, the weird picture then imprinted upon my memory is now more vivid and more crowded with associations than when the impression was first created. From the roof of the church were suspended by long chains gigantic nunsed chandeliers, the shape of which now suggests to my fancy the image of a huge spider, or octopus cast in brass, with its bulbons body and tortuous far-reaching limbs.

The service in my early days was conducted in a very perfunctory, pre-tractarian fashion. Unfortunately, the postmaster and his family made the discovery that they were musical; they were entirely self-taught, consequently they "had fools for their instructors;" they were ignorant, zealous, and conceited; they arranged that every Sanday the congregation should be treated to an anthem. This musical and enterprising family mustered in great force; their instruments were their crude, untrained voices, a violin, a flute, a bude, and a bass-vol. I remember one anthem to which the ferformers were very partial, as they were supposed to distinguish thems-lyes in it; the burden of it was, "The horse and his rider shall be thrown into the sea." The performance was both dismal and ludicrous. If the devil is a gentleman with a fine ear for music, he must creately have kept himself at a safe distance from the influence of such an exorance was both dismal and ludicrous. If the devil is a gentleman with a fine car for music, he must certainly have kept himself at a safe distance from the influence of such an exorcism; doubtless he found it effectual in baffling his subtle tactics. Nevertheless, I am quite sure that the idea of planning any such violent, psychological strategy against the forces of our ghostly enemy never entered the minds of the Great Cotwyn choir, and I am equally certain that they would have resented the suggestion, if the unintended effect of their spiritual generalship had been thus delicately insinuated and pointed out to them.

pointed out to them.

But what was the parson of the parish about to permit these ecclesiastical vagaries? The Rev. Pater Noster, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.A.S., etc., when he was appointed to the living, found this anthem-singing one of the old-established in anthem-singing one of the out-escapined in stitutions of the place; he was too pleasant and tolerant to interfere with an ancient custom which was not actually immoral, and which was only felt as a misery by the few cultivated members of his flock. He was a practical, genial Christian, not pious in the tract-distributing sense, but worthy and beneficent in matters ing sense, but worthy and beneficent in matters of daily life; dissent he shrewdly treated with lethargic and good - natured indifference. He was a member of two or three learned societies, and an authority on archeological subjects. I

was a member of two or three learnest socteaes, and an authority on archæological subjects. I am inclined to suspect that much of his reverence for the Bible was owing to its antiquity. When he was required to visit some poor, sick parishioner, he did not come charged merely with a store of sanctimonious advice; he generally took his servant with him to carry a basket filled with necessaries, or delicacies from his kitchen or cellar: this was his mode on such occasions, of inculcating a knowledge of Christianity, and he found it more efficacious than sermonizing, in begetting a devout frame of mind in the suffering patients. He taught his hearers to believe that the providence of God was always on the watch to manifest itself in practical help, that the "word" was not dentent to remain a mere word, that it "became flesh," and that religious theories were never so precious as when they were exhibited in religious conduct.

He did not allow himself a curate: he found his cook a more useful assistant in the management of the parish. On one occasion, when I met this good old creature, Mrs. Phillis, on an errand of mercy, for she seldom left the house except on some kind mission, I ventured to ask her to give me information respecting one of the autiquities of Great Cotwyn, "when the stocks in the marketplace were created?" She curtised with that gentle and amiable gesture which is fast becoming one of the lost arts, and replied that "she didn't know—it was before her time; but if I asked her master, he could tell me, as he was a perfect 'walking hen-He did not allow himself a curate: he found

tell me, as he was a perfect 'walking hen-pecked mediator."

"A what!" I exclaimed, with astonishment, as my friend was a widower, and I felt sure that he was on the most kindly terms with all the

he was on the most kindly terms with all the female members of his household.

"I have heard him called so," she replied,
because he is supposed to know everything."

A conjectural light then dawned upon me,
and I ventured to say, "I fancy that you mean
a walking encyclopedia."

"Ah! that's it, sir. I thought I wasn't quite
right; 'hence-l-come-plead -to-you.' That's
what I meant."

right; 'hence what I meant.'

Some distance from Great Cotwyn there ex Some distance from Great Cotwyn there existed one of the most quiet and benighted spots
in all the country. The hamlet to which I
all the country. The hamlet to which I
all the was three or four miles from any church,
and the old clergyman, who was a pluralist,
came occasionally to mumble a moral discourse
to his very scanty congregation. In the course
of time he was succeeded by a young, active,
interprising minister, who rightly thought it
has duty to stir up his parishioners and ascertain
their smritual condition. Their neglected stae their spiritual condition. Their neglected stae toon furnished him with plenty of food for sur-trise, dismay, and regret. Among those whom

he visited were two old women, who made him welcome with humble courtesy. He told them the purpose of his errand, and spoke with dramatic pathos of the life and crucifixion of our Saviour. They istened with rapt attention and evident wonder to the minister's story, and uttered the most artiess astonishment at the tragic sacrifice which he depicted. He was, in his turn, amszed at the reception given to his narrative, and questioned his listeners respecting the extent of their previous knowledge of the mission of Christ.

"Lor, sir," was the naive reply, "now should we poor creatures know anything of what is going on in the world? What could King George and Mr. Pitt be thinking about to allow such a dreadful thing to happen? no one ever comes here to tell us any news!"

"News!" exclaimed the minister, "what I have been telling you occurred eighteen hundred years ago!"

The countenance of the spokeswoman of the party immediately relaxed its expr. ssion of he visited were two old women, who made him

I have been telling you occurred eighteen hundred years ago!

The counterance of the spokeswoman of the party immediately relaxed its expression of painful sympathy, and giving a look of complacent satisfaction immed with inetedulity, as if her mind was released from a weight of auxiety, she remarked in a tone of bland and urbane consolation, "Lor, sir! as you say it happened so long ago, let us hope it isn't true!"

Could the simplicity of ignorance take a more baffling and embarrassing shape to the purpose and intelligence of an instructor?

Within a hundred miles a remarkable conversion was wrought by a bright and beautiful child of about five years of age, who has since grown up to be a brilliant woman. The mother of this during, was a strict, nethodical lady, who entertained extreme views respecting "the severe observance of the Sabhath." Anything like mundane enjoyment on that holy day was considered a profanation, and consequently the little druchter was not allowed, on Sundays,

The strange love affairs of Great Cotwyn were not always conducted in this conne fashion. I was cognizant of a dismal trage dy which happened in this neighborhood, and which I will narrate briefly and literally.

Squire Helworthy, who farmed his own estate ans "hunted in scarlet," was a widower with several claddren. His daughter, Mary, was a fine, well-grown, powerful gul, and as accomplished as a good country bearding-school could render her. She could sing pleasantly; play the "Buttle of Prague" effectively, and beat her brother at a hurdle-race; she could jump as mimbly as a kangaroo. She was a favorite with men, but not with her own sex; she was reticent and self-willed, and there was a look of mournfulness combined with determination in her eye, and a firm expression about her chin, which made a careful observer apprehensive that her future career would be marked by some bitter and uncommon experiences. After some bitter and uncommon experiences. After leaving school in the hey-day of youth and strength, she formed an attachment to a man of creditable character, "good of his sort," but decidedly below her in family and station. With this man she carried on a sceret correspondence, in spite of the mandate and warning of her father, lwho swore a vulgar and angry oath, that "if ever he caught her falking to 'that fellow' again, he would thrash the fust out of her with his horse-whip." No threat could be more vain to a girl of such spirit and courage as Many Helworthy; she listened to it in ominous silence; and very soon afterward; her father did catch her talking to "that fellow" in a retired spot where she thought herself free from observation. Squire Helworthy looks of at the culprits, and became fierce; the blood mounted to his face, and he sierily ordered his daughter to go home. When she arrived there he dragged her to her room, and then, treating her person with as little delicacy and coremony as if she had been an Eton boy, he merchessly flogged her wish his formidable hunting-whip. His powerful strokes tone up the delicate surface of her flesh in livid lines. She received her remorsele-s and bari arous punishment with sullen endurance; but as the savage parent left the room, he heard her give one deep sob and groan. He retired to his parlor, and consoled himself as he best could; with the county newspaper. He was soon roughly startled from his occupation by a portentous and frantic rush of hurrying footsteps along the passage, followed by a thrilling seveam; he hastened to see what was the matter; and there had out before him he beheld the dead body of his daughter! After her cruel and wicked treatment, she went down stairs, mixed with water some of the oxalic acid used to clean her father's top-boots, then drank the deadly dose.

A coroner's inquest mercifully returned a verdict of "temporary insanity." Squire Helsome bitter and uncommon experiences. A leaving school in the hey-day of youth

worthy became a changed man. He was shunned by his neighbors; he deserted the hunting-field; he went about like one dis-traught; he started and frembled at file least

traught; he started and trembled at the least unusual noise; and after a few years of sadness and self-reproach, he died untegretted.

My granifather, Mr. Dyke, was the Mayor of Great Cotwyn. By trade he was a malister, a baker and a farmer. He became the father of e-gitteen children, thirteen of whom grew up, and rearly all of them lived to a good old age.

In Great Cotwyn there was a rickety old e gliteen children, thirteen of whom graw app, and nearly all of them lived to a good oid age.

In Great Cotwyn there was a rickety old shanty, about two or three hundred years old, called the Town Hall or Market House, where the business of the corporation was supposed to be transacted, and justice administered; but under the benign rule of my grandfather justice was never dispensed; with him it was all mercy. In fact, it could searcely be said that anything deserving to be stigmatized as a crime was ever perpetrated in the parish. Sometimes such a scene as the following would take place: The Mayor, "Measter Dyke," as he was commonly called, would perhaps be leaning on the gate of his contyard—the only court in which he ever presided—when Small-boues, the constable, who almost enjoyed a snecure, would bring before His Worship a poor man who had been caught stealing sticks from a hedge belonging to a farmer.

a hedge belonging to a farmer. The Mayor: "Well, Smallbones, what's the

The Constable: "Please, measter, here's Job Quelch been taking away part of Farmer Smart's new fence, and there is now a shard (a

tures into a severe magisterial expression); "Quelch, you know this is very wrong behavior on your part. What have you to say for yourself?" Mayor (trying to shape his genial fea-

Part of the control o

the light, my child."

One of her chief pleasures was to have her grandchildren about her, and she dearly liked them to read to her, especially histories and haggraphies. On one occasion, one of my auras, then a fine bouncing lass of twelve years of age, read to her the life and death of William Rafus, and the narrative terminated with the historical fact that "the body of the king was interred at Winchester." interred at Winchester.

Here the old lady gave a puzzled and suspicious

"Here the old lady gave a puzzled and suspicious look, as if her sense of decency was rather shocked, but as if she was not quite sure that she had heard correctly; and she inquired delicately and timidly:

"What did you say, my dear, that they did with him after his death at Winchester ?"

"They interred his body, grandma."

Oh, how very masty! Shat up the book, my dear; I'm sure it is not proper for girls to read. Your grandfather, when he was alive, would scarcely have said such a thing. Really, I don't know what we are all coming to. They put things in books nowadays, that people would be ashamed to whisper about in my

ould be ashamed to whisper about in Innocent, simple, primitive, old dame I The brother of this lady, Uncle Harry, as he was called, was a worthy and interesting oddity. He was a furner, and lived to the age of eighty-five. During bis long lite he never tasted wine, tea or coffee; his beverage at all has meals was good Tittshire ale, brewed by himself from the best English malt and hops; and at night after supper he indulged in a glass of rum and water. He always wore breeches and worsted stockings; he never had en a pair of trousers, and he never took a journey n a stage coach. In those days of bad roads, a carriage was

rarely seen in out-of-the-way districts. rarely seen in out-of-the-way districts.

The principal mode of locomotion was on horseback. The wife of a farmer or gentleman would perch herself sideways on a pillion behind her husband, and with her arm round his waist, the two would jog along slowly but comfortably. The pillion was a sort of soft pudded achieve accuracy by stream and buckles to the ably. The pillion was a sort of soft padded cushion secured by straps and buckles to the saddle. Three boys would straddle one pony without the slightest chance of being consid-

without the siightest chance of being considered laughing stocks by the passers-by.

One night I was sitting with my uncle in a room next to his warehouse, and pleasantly chatting about past times, when we heard a gentle rap at the warehouse door. My uncle left me to ascertain who it was that had come to the late hour. After an absence of about at such a late hour. After an absence of about ten minutes he rejoined me, and I noticed that

he seemed gratified.
"Well," I remarked, "you appear pleased."

"You will never guess who called," he replied; "it was Norris, the bricklayer, who got into my debt some time ago, and I had made up my mind that I should never see the money.

as just paid me." hen," said I, "I suppose he has been in luck's way."

"Indeed be hos," replied my uncle. "Very remarkably so. He has ceased to be a brick-layer, and has become a builder."

"Ab, indeed; how did that happen?" I in-

quired. "I will tell you. Norris has a beautiful fairhaired daughter, a very good, affectionate girl, with winning blue eyes, neat ways and gentle pleasing manners. She became a nursemaid in pleasing manners. She became a nursemaid in a family of quality, and went for a tour in Italy. While in that country she captivated an Italian Marquis, and he has actually married her. He is I am told, a capital fellow, a thorough gentleman, with rank, influence and estates; and what is of far more consequence, he possesses a sensible head and an excetlent heart. With his wife, their first child, and a retinue of servants, he has just been paying a visit to our own Marquis and Marchioness of Amesbury. He is not ashamed of his humble father-in-law, and he has started him in business as a master-builder. Think of that for a change of forune!" Think of that for a change of fortune!

Luke Trimmer, the poacher, flourished in these parts, and was, in his particular line, one of the most artful and successful schemers that

of the most artful and successful schemers that ever baffled a gamekeeper.

Luke had a rare gift of cunning combined with humor, and if he had been brought up to the stage be might have distinguished himself as a "low comedian." He was employed as a thatcher and hostler on Sunny Farm. He was an active man; bis figure was lithe and compact; his face was rather fat, round and ruddy, and slightly pitted with the small-pox; his har was of a sandy hue, and from under his shaggy eyebrows there gleaned a pair of bright small blue eyes, with a mild expression which almost persuaded the observer that Luke was pable of perpetrating any offence more serious

The quaintness of Great Cotwyn is fast dying out. The place now boasts of a railway station, gas-works, a national school, a Rhumlistic service and a policeman. Justice is now administered there in accordance with the strict st legal formalities and rules of evidence. Bots and bars are in vogue, and everything portable is kept under lock and key. The small birds have almost ceased to build their nests in the thatched roofs of the cottages, for the very good reason that the thatch itself has nearly disappeared. Neat brick houses, with red the roots, have replaced the old picture-que dwellings of the poor, and the rickety, minewed old town-hall has been levelled with the ground and carted away. Cavilization and modern progress are slowly doing their work of abolishing the special attractions and associations of the past. The loving and beloved beings of former times are gradually moving away, and disappearing behind the voil of eternity.

MARBLEHEAD SUPERSTITIONS.

From The History and Traditions of Marbichead.

It would be alimest impossible to relate half the superstituous traditions fromly believed by the inhabitants of Marbichead then, and for more than a century after. Stories of plantom ships seen at sea before the loss of a vessel; of the appearance on the water of loved ones who had ded at home; footsteps and voices heard mysteriously in the still hours of the night coming as warnings from another world. Signs and omens which forefold the approaching death of some member of a family, or proplecies winspered by the wind, that those away on the deep would find a watery grave. These, and other stories of pirates met on the seas and smugglers who secreted their treasures along the shore, formed the burden of conversation through the long Winter evenings.

clers who secreted their treasures along the short, formed the burden of conversation through the long. Winter evenings.

Of the many traditions of this nature, told with simple faith and sincere belief by our ancestors, few have come down to their descendants, and of these the story of the Sereeching Weman is perhaps the most distinctly remembered. It was said that during the latter part of the seventeenth century a spanish ship laden with rich morehandise was captured by pirates and brought into the harbor of Marblehead. The crew and every person on board the ill-fated ship had been murdered at the time of the capture, except a beautiful English lady, whom the ruffines brought on shore near what is now called Oakum Bay, and there barbarously murdered her. The few fishermen who inhabited the place were absent, and the women and children who remained could do nothing to prevent the crime. The sereams of the victim were loud and dreadful, and her cries of "Lord save me! Mercy! Oh! Lord Jesus, save me!" were distinctly heard. The body was buried where the crime was perpetrated, and for ever one hundred and fifty years on the anniversary of that dreadful tragedy the screams of the

poor woman were repeated in a voice so shrill and supernatural as to send an indescribable thrill of horror through all who heard them.

There were other beliefs as firmly held, which, though equally as supersitious, were much more agreeable and romantic. The young women, on the mights when a new moon was to appear, would congregate at one of the houses in the neighborhood, and putting on a huge pot of fallow would drop "bob-nails" into the boiling fat, firmly believing the young man who should appear while the nails were dropping would be the future lusband of the fair dansel who dropped them. At other times the young women would go to an upper window, and, reaching half way out, throw a ball of yarn into the street, believing that the lacky youth who offer of marriage.

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S FROLIC.

offer of marriage.

From The Whitchall Review.

Speakings of the Duke of Hamilton, no man for years past has left a reputation for greater eccentricity at Oxford than his Grace. The following anecdote, however, will prove that the frolies were none of them malicious, but merely the results of the hot blood of youth. One evening the Duke went to Standen's and bought the best hat he could find. Ornamented with this brand new head covering, he lounged into a grocer's shop at St. Aldate's, and questly remarked to the astonished assistant, "I want some treacle—about a big jug full, and I will take it with me!? The man. recognizing his customer and remembering the well-known eccentricity of the Duke, contented himself with asking, "Does your Grace want it in a pitcher?" "No" replied the Duke, carelessly, "I don't care to be seen walking about with a pitcher; put in my hat!" and with this he laid his new purchase on the counter.

The man gravely filled the Lincoln and Bennett The man gravely filled the Lincoln and Bennett with treacle, and, when it was nearly brim fall, the Duke told him to step. "How much do I owe you?" Inquired the Premier Duke of Scotland. The man mentioned the price; the Duke threw a five-pound note on the table, and, as the shouman was stooping over his drawer looking for change, clapped the hat, treacle and all, on the man's head, and left the shop with his boon companions, who all heartily enjoyed the joke, and thought the man well paid for his discomiture and temporary annoyance by the present of a new hat only partially damaged and a fiver. If the shookeepers of Oxford are to-day as they were then, I think many would willingly undergo a similar ordeal for the sake of a like reward.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE IN REAL LIFE.

Mrs. Hooper in The Philadelphia Telegraph.

I was recently told by a young French gentleman. (the son of the Profect of La Rochelle) one of the strangest romances of real life that ever came to my knowledge. Some four years ago a peasant boy who lived on a farm near the town of Clernoot-Ferrand saw and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a gestleman of good fartune and position, he being at that time seventeen years of age and the young lady just sixteen. This new

Clande Melnotte was so madly in love that he was straight to the house of the young girls parents and demanded her hand in marriage. The father treated the preposterous propagition with good-natured scorn. "Come back when you have an income of \$40.000 (200.000 francs)," was his answer, "and then we will see about it." The infatuated youth took him at his word, and forthwith set to work.

Now one of the peculiarities of the town of Clermont-Ferrand is a scarcity of water. There is no river near it, so it relies for its water supply or springs and wells. Under these circumstance, a spring in a valuable piece of property, and commands a relatively high price. So the young peasant lover set off for an adjacent mountain, there to search for hidden springs. My informant said that he had honeycombed the whole side of the mountain with his works, constructing at one points tunnel over two miles in length. All thus was excented with his own hands. He works from dawn to dark, lives upon potatose of his own planting, and never spends so much as a sou upon a mag of beer. Every Studday he goes to mass in the town, after which he proceeds to the house of his lady-love, to ask if she is married or likely to be. On receiving a response in the negative he ploids contentedly homeward, and starts out afresh to his toilion the morrow. This life has continued now for full ten years. Up to the present time he has discovered three important springs, each of which he has sold for \$5,000, unt, though now possessed of what for a man in his condition of his is wealth, he abates none of the hardships of his existence.

He has one fixed idea, namely, to become the possessor of a fortune sufficient to enable him to claim the hand of the object of his blind passion. Yet no one who knows the parties even imagines that the young lady will ever cousent to marry him. She is now twenty years of age, and is pretty, refined and accomplished, while he is a coarse, unlettered peasant, without even physical comelinese, as he is short and thick-set, wi

This said that the collection of neutures which finally resulted in the domation of the Correoran Gallery to the Gily of was manyly with the seed of such the domain of the Correoran Gallery to the Gily of was manyly with the seed of such the domain of the control of the contr

if she undertakes to change the customs of the country."

En recasche, let me give an anecdote quite as illustrative of American manners as the foregoing is of English manners. A friend of mine was introduced the other day to a very charming young American lady at Geneva. With that sasere and frankness characteristic of Yankee womankind, ale soon informed him that she was spending her honeymoon in Europe. "That must be very delighted, exclaimed my friend. "Yes," was her reply; "I enjoy it immensely." Then it coourred to him that he had seen nothing of the lady's husband. "You husband is not here to day, then "he added. He says he shall not easily forget the comical expression of amusement and surprise upon her face as she answered, with a merry laugh. "My husband here! Why, he is not with me! Hert him in New York." This idea of a honeymoon is unique. I wonder if the husband was enjoying his honeymoon with squal zest on the other side of the Atlantic! Perhaps he was